

THE CHILDREN'S
BOUQUET



ELIZABETH FROUDE CAMPBELL.

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CHILDREN'S BOUQUET

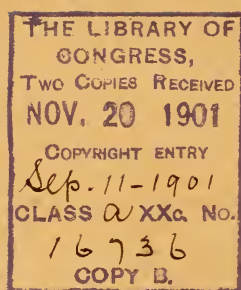
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ELIZABETH FROUDE CAMPBELL



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The Children's Bouquet.



THE BOUQUET'S GREETING.

I AM pleased to meet you, little folks,

Each one and all ;

The Lily of the Valley

Will be the first we'll call.

Being such a tiny cherub,

She's the sweetest of our choice,

So we've placed her in the bouquet,

Where you can hear her voice.

The Children's Bouquet.

LILY. I thank you, pretty Bouquet.

They say, "It's true no doubt,"
As kindness is your golden rule,
You cannot leave me out.

It gives me pleasure to welcome all,
And gladly would I cheer
The precious heart of every child
Who meets the Bouquet here.

ROSE. I think the Lily has left to me
My greeting to propose ;
I am your true and loving friend,
The sweet and fragrant " Rose."

The Bouquet's Greeting. 3

I feel certain that you love me,
For your smile does seem sincere,
When summer beams are dancing
And bring my presence here.

VIOLET. I am called the modest Violet ;
Yet with love I'm truly blessed,
For often to the ladies' hearts
I am fondly pressed.

DAISY. They call me the simple Daisy,
Whom all the world knows ;
So I'll envy not the Lily
Nor our gracious Queen, the rose.

The Children's Bouquet.

There is nothing in this world
Appears to me more sweet
Than the dimpled hands of childhood
And the patter of its feet.

I know the tiny Buttercup
Can also add her claim,
For we ramble both together
Through the meadows and the lane.

PINK. I'm really liked by every one,
So charming seems my lot ;
With the Sweetpea and the Pansy,
And the dear Forget-me-not.

The Bouquet's Greeting 5

The Goldenrod and Hydrangea,
And flowers of other hue,
Have sent their loving message
With the Bouquet here to you.

We bear some loving message
To every creed and race ;
And Nature drapes us for this mission
In a trailing robe of grace.

Each one from the Bouquet
Bids you all good cheer :
May blessing from our Father's hand
Crown another year.

6 The Children's Bouquet.

THE IDOL OF THE BRAVE.

SCHOOL RECITATION. FLAG DAY.

RISE ! comrades, rise ! Salute the flag
 That o'er our country waves,
That long has been our Nation's pride,
 And the idol of the brave.

Now let us pledge our hand and heart
 That honored she will be,
Wherever she is seen to float,
 On land or on the sea.

The Bouquet's Greeting.

7

No foeman's steel must e'er disturb

The peace that fills her breast ;

For " Justice " is her watchword here,

The Guardian of the blest.

Halt ! comrades, halt ! salute the flag

Wherever she may roam ;

On land or sea must honored be

The Light of Freedom's Home.

CHORUS.

O may her light long be bright,

That from oppression save

The hearts that live, and honor give

To the idol of the brave.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

CHURCH RECITATION.

A LOVELY Lily, sweet and fair,
In some water lay ;
Round her was a pretty field,
Decked with flowers gay.

The languid Lily raised her head
And saw, with smiling grace,
A lovely Rose with dew-drops
Sparkling on her face.

The Lily and the Rose.

9

The Lily smiled, and then exclaimed,

“ O lovely Queen of Grace !

However did you find your way

To this secluded place ? ”

“ Oh ! sweet Lily ! ” said the blushing Rose

“ Your greeting is most kind ;

Wherever Nature sends me,

I'm always sure to find.

“ I thought, as I looked o'er the field,

No place could be more sweet ;

With the modest Violet growing near,

And the Daisies at my feet.

The Children's Bouquet.

“And sweet impressions you do give,
All the flowers know ;
Your face is pure and innocent,
And robe as white as snow.”

LILY. Fair Rose, it is our mission here,
That each one do her part
To make some life here brighter,
Or soothe some troubled heart.

ROSE. And no place, sweet, gentle Lily,
Does our Master's hand here give ;
But kind words often, with a smile,
Will help a soul to live.

A Child's Tribute to Its Mother. 11

A CHILD'S TRIBUTE TO ITS MOTHER.

EASTER MORN.

HARK! those heavenly bells are chiming
Where the angels meet above,
As their Saviour comes to greet them
With His pure and holy love.

In this sweet and happy meeting,
Dearest mother I can trace,
In a robe and crown rejoicing,
And a smile upon her face.

The Children's Bouquet.

She has come to join the angels,
In the song they love to sing :
“Hosanna to our God Most High,
Hosanna to our King.”

Always loving, she has trusted,
This Christ blessed assurance gives,
If the soul will lean upon Him
It forever with Him lives.

Go softly, holy angels, now,
And whisper in her ear,
That tender words we speak of her,
As when she lingered here.

While the lovely Easter lilies
Are sparkling with the dew,
As my prayers ascend to heaven,
Dearest mother, I'll think of you.



HOME.

SCHOOL RECITATION.

“HOME” is a magic word,
Where sacred ties should cling,
Where every hope should brighter grow,
That life may to it bring.

The Children's Bouquet.

The sailor on the rolling deep,
Where'er his ship may roam,
Though tempest rage and breakers leap,
Will turn his thoughts on home.

A little child when tired of play
May wander off alone,
And then in bitter tears will plead,
“Will you take me home?”

“Home” sounds like a wedding-bell,
Only more soft and sweet;
And deeper should its chimes sink
In every heart we meet.

“ Home ” should be your castle here,
Kindness in it reign ;
The words that you’ve repeated there
None should repeat again.

“ Home ” is the hall of liberty,
Where none should peep or pry,
So filled with love and godliness
Unhappiness defy.

THE THISTLE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I WONDER if the little folks

Know how I got my name?

If they have or if they haven't

I'll tell it just the same.

I wonder if they also know,

One dark and lonely hour

Scotland woke at dead of night,

And called me her royal flower?

One day a lovely castle,
Which she had on her land,
She guarded well with soldiers
From enemies at hand.

The night was dark, without a star ;
I sat up in my bed ;
I heard the enemies whispering,
They tried to lightly tread.

The bushes crackled round me ;
Then I heard them say,
“We’ll take our shoes and stockings off,
And throw them right away,

The Children's Bouquet.

“The castle will be ours now
Before the break of day.”

Just then they stood upon my swords,
Oh ! if you had heard them pray !

The roosters all began to crow,

The racket was so great.

For bonnet or cloak, I really vow,

No Scottish soldier wait.

Since this did really happen here

Many long years have flown ;

'Twas when brave old Scotland

Claimed the island all her own.

NATURE NEVER CLOSES SCHOOL.

NATURE never closes school ;
She's always busy here,
Through every day and every month
Of every coming year.

Every tender blade of grass
Does spring at her command ;
Every snow-white foaming wave
Will roll upon the sand.

The Children's Bouquet.

The sweet and tender little buds

She trains on every tree ;

The fields and gardens heed her touch

With flowers for you and me.

The fruits, the grains, and everything,

Attention to her give ;

It is her gifts, her daily gifts,

By which we daily live.

Nature's laws are perfect here,

No flaw is in her rule ;

She is life's greatest teacher here,

And never closes school.

Mother, What Does Soldier Mean? 21

“MOTHER, WHAT DOES SOLDIER MEAN?”

“MOTHER,” said a little girl,

“Will you explain to me

What the word soldier means

That I so often see?”

CHILD. “I think it is a man

Who does in battle fight

For his country’s flag, you know,

When it’s in the right.

The Children's Bouquet.

“ But, ’twas said in church to-day,
In every earthly loss
Each one can be a soldier here,
Who calmly bears his cross.”

MOTHER. “ And so can you, my precious one,
And every little child
Who bears his tiny troubles here
Patiently and mild ;

“ Who never does by thought or deed,
Accept what Satan sends,
But to the sweet, pure, and good
A voice here ever lends.

“All this, my child, a soldier is ;
And you have naught to fear,
While trusting God, and kindly treat
Your fellow creature here.”



SYMPATHY.

PITY the erring one,
Here through weakness go
Into the path of sin,
Into the path of woe.

The Children's Bouquet.

Pity the orphan child

Whose parents here are dead,
Who has no home or shelter,
Or place to lay his head.

Pity the aged you see,

Here that feebly tread ;
Soon their trembling footsteps
Will echo among the dead.

Pity the blind you meet

Groping along the way,
Never perhaps to see
The heavenly light of day.

A Child's Conversation with a Lily. 25

CHILD'S CONVERSATION WITH A LILY.

CHURCH RECITATION.

CHILD. A little maid one morning
 To a lovely Lily said :
 “ I fink the angels came last night
 And watched around your bed.

 “ I fink they love you very much,
 They bring you gifts so rare ;
 A crown of gold and robe of white,
 I've been told they wear.”

26 The Children's Bouquet.

LILY. "Oh ! sweet child, it is true,

I have naught to fear ;

My Master in His love for me

Gives me all I wear.

" His loving eye had seen the cloud

That bound me by its thrall.

His loving Hand has strengthened me

To rise above it all.

" O'er every life some cloud must pass,

All feel the chastening rod ;

For strength to bear our cross, dear child,

We must look up to God."

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

WHAT can cheer a mother's heart,
When life's hopes are sinking here,
Like a daughter's faithful love,
Making all things bright appear?

When the days were sad and dreary,
And their clouds made all seem dark,
Points she to the silver lining
Found by love's undying spark.

The Children's Bouquet.

See her with life's battle wrestle,
Cheerfully does onward go ;
Naught but kind words for her parents
From her lips do ever flow.

Younger sister, ever trust her,
She is making home sublime,
And is leaving sweet impressions
“ Here upon the sands of time.”

Sorrow she has had to bear ;
Where is one that's from it free ?
Now she hears her Saviour calling :
“ Take your cross and follow me.”

SCHOOL LET OUT TO-NIGHT.

SCHOOL RECITATION.

A TINY maid one afternoon,
With a smile that seemed divine,
Came tripping on her way to me
And laid her hand in mine.

“I’ve something nice to tell you,”
She said to me outright;
“Now I can play all the day,
For school let out to-night.

The Children's Bouquet.

"I'll take my dolly for a ride,
So she need cry no more,
And show her all the pretty things
I'll see in every store.

"I — I fink she must feel lonesome
When I'm away at school,
But I can't help it, don't you see,
It is against the rule

"For children to bring their baby-carts
Or drums and whistles, too ;
With lessons waiting to be learned,
What could a teacher do ?

It's Easy To Be Good. 31

“ I fink just as a mamma does,
If such should be the rule,
Teacher might as well stay at home,
For we would run the school.”



IT'S EASY TO BE GOOD.

CHURCH RECITATION.

It is easy to be good,
If you will only try
To live from day to day you know,
The way you ought to die.

The Children's Bouquet.

'Tis easy to be good,

If we will only try

To seek our Heavenly Father's aid,

Who will never help deny.

To walk within the path of right,

And in Christ's steps to tread ;

For noble deeds and noble thoughts

Live after we are dead.

SPRING.

SCHOOL RECITATION.

SWEET Spring, thy voice which seemed divine,
No more I hear to-day ;
Thy lovely gifts so sweet and fair
They too have passed away.

Those gifts which filled the earth with song,
And made our life more bright,
Ah ! would they could have always staid,
And never passed from sight.

The birds seemed from their sleep to wake,
To join thy gentle note ;
The lambs came sporting on the hill
When its melody did float.

All these have followed in thy train,
And few are left to cheer ;
The tiny grain, your hand has pressed,
Long has been ripened here.

Sing on, sing on, sweet, lovely Spring,
We tire not of your strain ;
The sweet impressions it has made
Still in our hearts remain.

SUMMER.

SCHOOL RECITATION.

WHEN summer joys are round us,
And here have come to stay,
How sweet it is to take a sail
Upon a summer day.

To hear the oars then splashing,
Around us as we go ;
To hear some heart out-pouring
Song to crush its woe.

To hear some thrilling music
Upon the waters near,
As its charming notes do rise
And fall upon the ear.

Which makes the world seem radiant
By its charming light,
While Nature's dainty works of art
Come crowding on our sight.

Oh ! leave us not, sweet Summer dear,
Come linger near us yet ;
Though we may say farewell to thee,
Thy smile we won't forget.

She Called Herself a Queen. 37

SHE CALLED HERSELF A QUEEN.

SCHOOL RECITATION.

A TINY little maid one day
Wandered up and down,
Near by a brook where violets grew,
To make herself a crown.

“I’ll gather all these violets
And daisies too,” she said;
“And then I’ll make a pretty crown,
And put it on my head.”

She made a necklace of the same,
Entwined with leaves of green ;
Then looked into the running brook
And called herself "a queen."

I'm sure the angels thought she was,
She looked so pure and sweet ;
And called her then, in innocence,
A little queen complete.

Nature is the Queen of Art. 39

NATURE IS THE QUEEN OF ART.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHAT paintings are so beautiful
As those displayed on high,
That Nature, charming queen of art,
Just placed upon the sky?

See that spacious orb of fire !
Borne on the wings of morn,
Soon to cast his golden rays
Earth here to adorn.

The Children's Bouquet.

See those works of art she's bringing !

Placing far and near this scene ;

Every line and curve is perfect,

Far beyond a painter's dream.

When the Spring's sweet voice is ringing,

Nature to her art is true ;

Then the trees and fields in beauty

Blossom sparkling 'neath the dew.

By her wond'rous art of changing,

Come those scenes so fair and bright ;

Moon and stars like diamonds sparkling

Search the deepest shade of night.

Little brooks in their sweetness,
Rivers, oceans, deep and grand,
Mountain ravines, towering rocks,
All are fashioned by her hand.



KNEELING AT THE CROSS.

CHURCH RECITATION.

WHILE life's joys unceasing crown us,
Can the soul perceive a loss,
'Till the dark clouds breaking o'er it,
Finds it kneeling at the cross?

Like a book our life is written ;
 Leaf for leaf must turn o'er,
Ere we see upon its pages
 What life's mission holds in store.

Merry peals of laughter ringing
 Round us as the breakers toss,
From those tiny boats now sailing
 Nearer, nearer to the cross.

When the soul has borne sorrow,
 Purified from every dross,
See the crown of Hope then coming
 To it kneeling at the cross.

On life's voyage we are sailing,
On its waves here we toss ;
When it's ended, may Christ find us
Calmly kneeling at the cross.



SWEET SIMPLICITY.

SCHOOL RECITATION.

WHEN I see a little girl
Running on the street,
Free from everything that's vain,
In her shoeless feet ;

The Children's Bouquet.

See her tiny little hands

 Holds a sweet bouquet ;

She has in the meadows been,

 Singing on the way.

With her, too, sweet dolly is,

 Precious you can see ;

Oh, 'tis then my heart cries out,

 “ Sweet Simplicity ! ”

When I meet a tiny boy,

 Playing train of cars,

I really think he does outshine

 The ancient god of Mars.

They Cut the Baby's Wings. 45

When he's talking to his sled
That will unruly be, —
Is not the crown these children wear,
Sweet Simplicity?



THEY CUT THE BABY'S WINGS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE day I saw a little tot
Sitting on the sand ;
Her tiny mouth was puckered up ;
She could not understand

The Children's Bouquet.

Why her pretty socks and shoes,
Those dainty little things,
Folks should take away as means
To cut her baby wings.

Her little toes were pink and white,
Like rosebuds in the sun ;
Without her dainty little shoes
How could a baby run

Far away on stony streets,
And scamper out of sight,
And keep her mamma all the time
In a dreadful fright ?

Who Will Think as Mother Does? 47

Of course she'd into danger run,
Then all your joys were wrecked ;
Now, from a tot but two years old
What can you expect ?



WHO WILL THINK AS MOTHER DOES?

SCHOOL RECITATION.

Who will think as mother does,
When her child's in tears,
Of all the sweet and pretty things
That will calm its fears ?

Who will feel as mother will,

When you're ill with pain?

Who can watch as mother will,

'Till you're well again?

Who can laugh as mother can,

When a joke you give?

And though years may onward roll,

Still that laugh will live.

Who will smooth life's troubles here,

When they come, you know,

Like as mother used to do

When ill winds would blow?

Who Will Think as Mother Does? 49

Who'll feel proud as mother will

When this world avow

The honors you have fairly won,

Should rest upon your brow?

Who'll pray for you as mother will,

Against the tempter's snare,

When she kneels before her God

With supplicating prayer?

Who will weep as mother will,

When you're called to die,

When the last farewell is said,

When the last good-by?

SENT ADrift.

Out on the streets he's playing,
Sent adrift to roam ;
Homeward he's returning,
To find he's left alone.

His home is all deserted,
Liquor has caused this blight ;
Where will this weary child of God
Lay down his head to-night ?

No downy pillow awaits him,
The doorstep is at hand,
Yet precious is this child to God
As the richest in the land.

Liquor has crushed his parents' love,
Deep in its sinful trail;
And has changed their hearts to seem
Dark, inhuman, frail.

His heavenly Father o'er him watch,
The angels o'er him bend;
The morning breaks, the child awakes
To see he's found a friend.

I AM BUT A TINY GIRL.

CHURCH RECITATION.

I AM but a tiny girl,
And don't quite understand
All the pretty things I'm told
About the spirit land.

I know that Jesus was a child,
And quite lowly born ;
And was laid where oxen feed,
On a Christmas morn.

I Am But a Tiny Girl. 53

While shepherds watched their sheep one
night,

All resting on the ground,
An angel came from God to them,
And glory shone around.

He pointed to a lovely star,
'Neath where the baby lay ;
The shepherds sought the place to find
Before the break of day.

They found it, and 'twas sacred ground,
Everywhere they trod ;
Then kneeling down, they gazed upon
The Holy Child of God.

The Children's Bouquet.

This child, I know, to manhood grew,
And died for us through love ;
He rose again, and now as king
Reigns in our home above.



LOST IN THE SHADE.

WHEN I meet the aged,
Tottering on the way,
Down the hill of life
Soon to pass away ;

Where are youth's bright visions?

All too brief to last;

Lost in life's shade,

Through the shadows of the past.

Where are youth's light footsteps,

Once so buoyant led?

Lost within the shade,

Now forever fled.

Where are dreams of happiness,

All that made life fair?

Lost within the shade,

Lost forever there.

The Children's Bouquet.

Second childhood coming,
The blight o'er youth is cast ;
All that's left to follow
Is the shadow of the past.

Spring-time had its visions,
Summer took its stand ;
Autumn slowly fading,
Winter is at hand.

When Grandma is Gone Away. 57

WHEN GRANDMA IS GONE AWAY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Who will fill the armchair?

Who will mend the clothes?

Who knows how to darn socks

As grandma only knows?

Who will hide my piece of pie,

Far away from sight?

Who'll take my part like grandma,

Every time I'm right?

The Children's Bouquet.

Who will dress my sister's dolly ?

Who will tie my brother's kite ?

Who can tell such pretty stories,

Every winter's night ?

And when mother goes to town,

Who shall with us stay,

And sit in the armchair,

When grandma's gone away ?

ATTENTION.

SCHOOL RECITATION.

LITTLE hearts, pure and tender,
I would have you always so ;
Crowned with innocence forever,
In this world where'er you go.

Young recruits, I'd love to have you
Swift to answer duty's call,
When your teacher in the schoolroom
Gently cries, "Attention all."

The Children's Bouquet.

Then with cheerfulness surrender,
Then for knowledge minds prepare ;
So like dewdrops it may fall,
Making sweet impressions there.

Grasp each precious golden moment,
Time has wings and flies away ;
Put not off until to-morrow
What you ought to do to-day.

Trust your teacher, she is wiser ;
Cast your playful mood from sight ;
Let your banner high be streaming,
“ We are battling for the right.”

Shun temptation, as a serpent ;
Kindly feel for all you meet,
Young or aged, poor or weary,
In your homes and on the street.

Love the right, trust it ever ;
Evil has its doubts and fears ;
Should its seed in young hearts bud,
It will grow through coming years.

Let your aim in life be noble,
And to duty ever tend ;
Hold firm to the reins of honor,
If you'd be your own best friend.

Do not sneer at honest labor,
Though its wages be but small ;
It will help you up life's ladder,
If you mean to climb at all.



A BOY'S DELIGHT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

“WHAT is a boy's delight ?” you say,
A pretty sled on a winter's day :
Hurrah ! hurrah ! see him go,
Down the hill and over the snow.

Three on a runner, thrown out flat,

What! do you think boys mind that?

Soon for another coast you'll find

They're dragging up hill, their sleds behind.

Hark! there comes the firemen's call,

Slap bang go sleds and all;

Down the street and over the snow,

The boys are off to the fire, you know.

If the firemen would only get out of the way,

"They'd put the fire out themselves," they

say;

At all this fun, laugh while you can,

To-day's he's a boy, to-morrow a man.

64 The Children's Bouquet.

See ! there's a band coming in sight,
This is indeed a boy's delight ;
If the world was a hill of sand
He'd certainly climb it, to follow the band.

A fishing-rod he must have too,
To a base-ball game he's never untrue ;
With a bicycle now coming in sight,
I'll finish at present the boy's delight.
At all this fun, laugh while you can,
To-day he's a boy, to-morrow a man.

WHAT GOD DESIRES.

CHURCH RECITATION.

THAT our lives be pure and holy,
Free from every wanton sin,
If the joys of heaven hereafter
We expect to ever win.

For the smallest sin committed
Here, our God can always see ;
Though the heavenly host surround Him,
He still watches over thee.

66 The Children's Bouquet.

Life is like a thread here given,
By our Master's Hand, that takes
All things to Himself in heaven ;
None can tell how soon it breaks.

Man for sin first had to answer,
Then on woman God did call ;
'Twill be the same on judgment day
When He'll come to judge us all.

Let us here be ever mindful,
God loves nothing but the just,
That some day we'll be lying
Out of sight, beneath the dust.

A THOUGHTFUL CHILD.

SCHOOL RECITATION.

LITTLE MAE, one morning woke,
And as her daily rule,
She listened for her mother's call
To hurry up for school.

"I fear," she thought, "that mother's ill,
Or perhaps her head does ache;
For through the night the baby cried,
And she must have been awake.

68 The Children's Bouquet.

I'll steal on tip-toe to her door,
I hope she will not hear me ;
Then I will make a slice of toast,
And bring a cup of tea.

“God bless my child,” her mother said,
“My head does really ache :
How thoughtful is your little mind,
To plan this for my sake.”

What some little hands have done,
Other little hands can do ;
Then some loving heart will say,
What a thoughtful child are you !

A BROKEN FLOWER.

SCHOOL RECITATION. — A SCENE IN A HORSE CAR.

“OH, naughty man! see what you’ve done!

You broke my flower in two!

I’m very, very angry now, —

I’m really mad with you!”

The man was then collecting fares,

But instantly did stand,

And, stooping down, the child’s flower raised,

And placed it in her hand.

A smile came o'er her sweet young face,
Then banished seemed its pain ;
While eagerly she watched for him
To pass her by again.

His face betrayed some hidden grief,
His eyes from weeping, red.
“I — I'm very sorry I scolded you,
Forgive me, please,” she said.

“And take these flowers to your little girl —
Is she as tall as me? —
I'm sure she'll like them very much ;
They are pretty, don't you see?”

“ My little girl was just your age,
But to-day was laid at rest ;
I’ll take your offering sweet, dear child,
And place it on her breast.”



A BOY AT SEA.

SCHOOL RECITATION.

“ I THINK, papa,” said little Fred,
“ An admiral I will be ;
And then like Dewey I’ll command
A great fleet on the sea.

“ You’ve said when Dewey was a boy

He often looked like me, —

With tattered jacket, rimless hat,

And pants turned to his knee.

“ And that he oft a-fishing went,

In many a running brook,

For nothing seemed to please him more

Than a fishing-rod and hook.

“ In every game that boys played,

Dewey always led ;

They made him captain, don’t you see,

That placed him at the head ?

“ Perhaps I’ll be a banker yet,
And have heaps of gold ;
Then I can’t want for anything —
Not even when I’m old.

“ I’ll surely have an automobile,
Then won’t I have some fun,
To see the boys smile and stare
When the automobile will run !

“ Or if to mining I should go,
A millionaire I’d be ;
Then I could travel o’er this world,
Its grandeur all to see.”

“My boy, don't raise your hopes too high,
Or build castles in the air ;
For often when our castles fall
We are driven to despair.

“ If you will find true happiness,
The way now to begin,
Climb step by step the hill of life ;
With patience you may win.”

LITTLE WILLIE'S LETTER TO SANTA
CLAUS.

SCHOOL RECITATION.

My dear Mr. Santa Claus,

I am going to write to you :

I want you to bring me a pretty sled,

And paint it all in blue.

I'll want a pair of little skates ;

For when the ice and snow

Will freeze the pond the boys will skate,

And of course I'll want to go.

Please bring my brother a little drum,
And a dolly for sister's sake —
Not one that will cry like baby,
And keep us all awake.

My papa makes a dreadful fuss,
And mamma does often weep ;
For papa says, " No man on earth
Can work without his sleep."

I really fink the baby
Would be better off with you ;
He might not then cry all the time —
He'd find something else to do.

Nellie's Last Request.

77

Good-by, dear Mr. Santa Claus,
I hope we'll all see you.
Please don't forget my little sled,
And paint it all in blue.



NELLIE'S LAST REQUEST.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OH, bring that dress to-night, mother,
In tears you laid away ;
The one you said I ne'er should see
Until my dying day.

It cannot harm me now, mother,
As on that piercing night,
When the howling winds held mournful tune,
Yet all the world seemed bright.

The ballroom had its charms for me,
Although you pleaded long ;
I closed my heart, for I still wished
To join the glittering throng.

I heard Affection's pleading voice
Through tears that dimmed your sight.
Ah ! mother, if I'd heeded then,
I'd not be ill to-night.

Teach little sister when I'm gone
The things you loved of me ;
And bear bravely for my father's sake,
When he returns from sea.

I long to see his loving face ;
To me he's always mild.
His heart and hopes on me were set —
I was his favorite child.

The winds are howling, mother, dear,
The world seems sad to-night ;
The angels, I feel, are coming soon
To bear me from your sight.

80 The Children's Bouquet.

Come nearer, mother, — nearer still —

I'm weary — let me rest

My head, as when a little child,

Upon your loving breast.



AUTUMN.

CHURCH RECITATION.

WHAT quaint-like scenes, thou, Autumn,
brings,

What an artist thou art here !

To change each scene from verdure hue

To golden that appear.

With fairy tread, with brush in hand,
Thou cam'dst to us unseen,
And hung thy dainty paintings round
Of gold among the green.

We hear thee tripping on thy way
Through forest, vale, and dell;
Thy power comes through our Master's hand,
Who doeth all things well.

We hear thee sigh, a tear let fall
Upon thy heaving breast;
For Summer's gifts you know full well
Will soon be laid at rest,

82 The Children's Bouquet.

To slumber with those of the past,
Now hidden from our sight ;
The joy that once had crowned them here
Will spread no more its light.

Thy charming art and wondrous power,
With nature softly blend ;
This lesson here in life you teach,
That all things have an end.

The lovely sun will farther seem,
Yet some will heed it not,
When out upon the icy pond
All trouble seems forgot.

When they slide with jingling bells,
Or dance to music light,
'Tis then you hear old Winter laugh
Upon a moonlight night.

ONLY A NEWSBOY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONLY a newsboy, small and slim,
Hurrying round his pennies to win ;
“ New York World, only a cent,”
He called to the crowd as they homeward
went.

Some heeded his cry, some hastened their pace,
Some gave no thought to the pale young face
That anxious looked, and marked with pain,
In the howling winds and frozen rain.

He thought of his little sister fair,
With the deep blue eyes and golden hair ;
Sitting in the old garret room alone,
Watching and wishing he'd soon come home.

'Twas seven, the great city clock now told,
Yet half of his stock remained unsold,
When a voice he heard, he leaped with joy,
"New York World, hurry up, my boy !

"O cruel parents, what a love you miss,
To let a child out on a night like this ;
So small, so pale, and thinly clad,
I wish to God, he was my little lad."

86 The Children's Bouquet.

"'Tis only a year, sir, since father died,"
The boy in a choking voice replied ;
" And only six months, I remember the day,
When beautiful mother was laid away.

" She left little Jennie, my sister, to me ;
For her I'm selling these papers, you see.
Nothing in the world could make us part,
If she died, too, 'twould break my heart."

" Your name, my boy ! Why ! that's mine too,
My brother when young looked just like you.
I've lands, and gold plenty in store,
Your sister and you shall never want more.

“The past is dead, I cannot recall
The brother I loved more dearly than all.
You have fought, my boy, neath the banner of
right;
And the angels have brought us together to-
night.”



A LITTLE SAILOR.

ONE lovely summer morning,
As I walked along the shore,
A little tot just two years old
Ran from her cottage door.

The Children's Bouquet.

A tiny boat was in her hand,
She laid it on the beach ;
A foaming wave came rolling in,
And bore it out of reach.

She laughed at every dancing wave,
She clapped her hands with glee ;
Yet I knew a moment more
They'd bear her out to sea.

I stole on tip-toe light and fast —
I dared not call her name —
But caught her quickly in my arms.
Wouldn't you have done the same ?
L. of C.

The Spanish Defeat at Boston. 89

THE SPANISH DEFEAT AT BOSTON,
1898.

OLD Marblehead was thrilled that day
As never here before,
When shot and shell from Spanish ship
Came shrieking on her shore.

The Spaniards claimed in '98
They dreamt of honors won ;
But never dreamt they'd have to fight
The boys of '61.

Their shells and hopes were here alike
Aimed far too high to win ;
The lights upon the coasts were out —
They dare not venture in.

Old grand St. Michael's stood unscared ;
Her horsemen dashing by,
Saw hundreds of her sons that day
Helpless and wounded lie.

Oh, kindled was the fire of wrath
Beneath injustice' sway !
And soon the Spaniards made retreat
Away from Boston Bay.

CRUSHED, YET LIVING.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UPON the wayside where all pass by,
A flower was seen one day to lie ;
'Twas crushed, yet living so ;
An evil hand sought that day,
The sweetness of its life to stay,
So the world might never know.

The mission here its life must fill,
Thro' sunshine and thro' tempests ill,
Though crushed, still living yet ;

To rise above the fiendish art
Which Satan plans in human heart,
That life can ne'er forget.

'Twas cruel revenge, as a coward can,
When life was only just a span,
Yet here was bidden stay —
Each drop of blood that pure heart bled,
Will God demand as much instead,
When all things pass away.

The Child and the Skylark. 93

THE CHILD AND THE SKYLARK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I THOUGHT the pretty skylark
Would sing for me to-day,
So I arose quite early,
To meet him on the way.

Oh, see! he's flying towards me!
Now doesn't he look sweet—
Singing on that tree-top,
With those leaves at his feet?

The Children's Bouquet.

I really think he knows me ;

I thought he called my name
When I was picking violets
Away down in the lane.

I — I wonder if the angels
Are listening now above
To this pretty skylark
Sing his song of love ?

AFFECTION'S TRIBUTE.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

SLEEP on ! dear soul of honor, sleep !

'Tis best, 'tis best thou ne'er can see
The grief that wrings the nation's heart,
Her tears that freely flow for thee.

O priceless life ! whate'er be thine
Beyond life's troubled sea,
Thy name within our hearts we shrine,
And long revered will be.

O leader of the great republic !

Now honored by her heart and hand,
Would God this fate had not been thine,
And thou wert spared to thy dear land.

O Christian hero, martyr, saint,

Thou sought not glory here of earth,
But sought the things most pure and true
That came to crown thee from thy birth.

“ Lead, kindly light,” lead him still on

Through that peaceful home of rest ;
So we may turn aside from grief
To see him smiling with the blest.

Farewell, dear faithful, trusting soul !

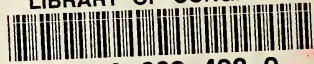
Death could not hold for thee its fears ;

Farewell, till we will meet again, .

Beyond this sad, dark vale of tears.

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